

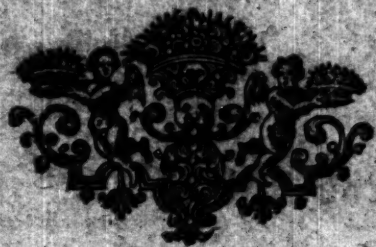
A POETICAL
PARAPHRASE

On PART of the
H Bible - Old Test.
Book of JOB, *11630. c. 5*
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In IMITATION of the Style of
M I L T O N.

By W. THOMPSON.

Now, of Trinity College DUBLIN, and appointed by
His Majesty's Charter one of the Fellows of St. Paul's
College in BERMUDA.



LONDON:

Printed for THO. WORRALL, at the Judge's Head, over against St.
Dunstan's Church, in Fleet-street.

M DCC XXVI.

ARAPHRASE

On Part of the

BOOK OF JOB

In Imitation of the Style of

JOHN MILTON

BY W. T. O. M. P. S. O. M.

Now of Trinity College, Dublin, and appointed by
His Majesty's Charter one of the Fellows of St. John's
College in Cambridge.



Printed by J. G. Smith, 1837

London

For T. O. M. P. S. O. M.

Printed by J. G. Smith, 1837

TO THE

Right Honourable

Dr. Marmaduke Coghill,

JUDGE of His Majesty's Prerogative Court,
and one of His Majesty's most Honour-
able PRIVY COUNCIL, of the Kingdom
of *Ireland*,

The following POEM is most humbly inscribed, in Te-
stimony of his Esteem and Gratitude, by His

Most Obedient

and most devoted

humble Servant,

W. THOMPSON.

Right Honourable

Mr. Marmaduke Coghill

Dean of His Majesty's Privy Council

and one of His Majesty's most Honourable

Privy Council, of the Kingdom

following Poem is most humbly inscribed, in Te-

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W. THOMPSON

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T H E
P R E F A C E.

TH E following Performance is not made publick with a Design to rival any of the Poetical Versions of this Part of Job which have already appeared in the World, some whereof were undertaken by able Hands, and well executed. If after these there can be any thing new or worthy of Notice in the present Attempt, it must be ascribed to the Undertaking of this Work in blank Verse. Whatsoever little and false Pleasure the Ear may receive from Rhime and a jingling Repetition of sound, yet it must be confess'd that it is an heavy Clog upon the Spirit of poetry. And indeed, as it is a thing in it self unnatural, of Gothic Invention, handed down to us by ignorant and lazy Monks, and is still cherish'd and kept on foot by the Prevalence of a vicious and inveterate Taste, it cannot be too much discountenanced, nor the antient Poetic Liberty too much asserted in Opposition to it. If Rhime be a real Grace or Ornament in any kind of Writing, it seems to be most so in Sonnets and Epigrams, Elegies, Love-pieces, and such like Compositions which scarce deserve the Name of Poetry. Works of this Nature, which consist chiefly of little Conceits and Points of wit, and have neither Grandeur of Matter nor of Sentiment to uphold them, may be allowed of: But surely epic Poetry should walk at large and unmanacled, that it may be the better able to put forth all its Strength. Here the Sentiments, Images, and Diction must be truly sublime, sufficient to support themselves, without the Aid of false Charms. Homer has given an undeniable Instance of this Truth

A

to

to the old World; and Milton has at least with equal Success confirm'd it to the present. His Success might indeed discourage us from pretending to imitate him, were we not supported by this Reflection, that it is laudable to attempt, where even a Defeat is not inglorious. On this Principle, it is surely better to follow Milton, though at an infinite Distance, in that noble Path of Liberty which he has traced out for us, than to continue in that Slavery from which he laboured to free us.

The following Speech, which is here attributed to God, has been always looked upon as the most sublime Part of this Divine Poem. It is in answer to a Demand which Job makes in one of the foregoing Chapters; Behold my Desire is that the Almighty would answer me. It consists chiefly of Interrogations, which are of peculiar Force to render a Discourse more passionate and lively, and at the same time express the undoubted absolute Power of God, together with the Impotence and abject State of his presumptuous Opponent. All the little Cavils and Objections, which Men in Affliction are wont to make against the Providence of God, and his Administration of Things in this World, are here with great Majesty born down, and abas'd. For instead of minutely answering them by a particular Detail of Reasons and Arguments against them, the Creation of the World, the surprizing Works of Nature, the outrageous Fury of the Sea, the Beauties of the several Seasons, the alternate Changes of Light and Darkness, the Provision made for the Wants of some Animals otherwise forlorn and destitute, with the Compleatness and Grandeur of others, are all pompously display'd and laid forth with the greatest Elevation of Thought and Strength of Expression. From a Survey of this magnificent and glorious Scene, how evident is the infinite Power and Wisdom of the Creator? How conspicuous his Care and Providence over each Particular in the Administration of so great a Scheme of Things? With what Reason then can Man, the peculiar Favourite of Heaven, lift up his Voice to complain?

The Deity and the Works of Nature seem, of all other Subjects, to afford properest Matter for the Divine Spirit of Poetry to exert it self upon, were in all Likelyhood the first Themes of the earliest Poets, who were smitten with the Love of sacred Song. The Majesty and Grandeur of the former fill us with Admiration by filling the whole Compass and Extent of our Thought.

While we are charmed with the Beauty and Contrivance of the latter. Men
are naturally disposed to receive strong Impressions from any thing that is truly
sublime; it warms and elevates us by infusing a pleasing Confidence and Strength
into the Soul. And the Reader will soon be convinced, that nothing does with
greater Force produce this strong and agreeable Emotion in us, than the delight-
ful Scenes and Paintings of Nature, which every where occur throughout this
poetical Speech. The Courage and Intrepidity of the Horse, the Strength and Vast-
ness of the Leviathan and Behemoth the chief of the Ways of God, the vagrant
and unbounded Freedom of the wild Ass, the Beauty of the Morning, the Obe-
dience of the furious and outrageous Sea to the Commands of its Maker. In a
word, all the surprizing and remarkable Appearances in Nature are here most
artificially laid together, and displayed with the greatest Sublimity of Thought
and Boldness of Words. Such Images cannot fail of fixing our Attention, and
placing the Originals in an agreeable View, it being the great Art of Poe-
try, especially of the Eastern, to work up things which may be in themselves
agreeable into beautiful and pleasing Pictures. Nor is it less entertaining to
the Mind to collect the infinite Wisdom, Power and Goodness of the first Cause,
from the Contrivance, Beauty, and Order of these his lowest Works, and to
pursue them as the surest Guide that can lead us to a full Acknowledgment
of his Existence and Providence. Nothing could therefore be more becoming or
worthy of God than the following Speech, which contains such evident Signs
of his Wisdom and Power in the Formation of his Creatures, and the Disposal
of natural Things. The greatest Instance, which the Greek or Latin Poets give
of the Power and Might of their Gods, is Thunder and Lightning, or perhaps,
on some extraordinary Occasion, an Earthquake; whereas the true God is here
represented as wielding all the Elements of Nature and commanding each Part
of it, Light and Darkness, Snow and Vapour, Wind and Storm fulfilling his
word. To consider God in the manner he is here represented, as immediately pro-
ducing all the Appearances in Nature, without the Interposition or Concurrence
of second Causes, brings him home to the Minds of Men, which was particu-
larly the Method that was to be taken with Job, who imagined that God
had forgot him in his Misfortunes, and stood far off from him. This Concep-
tion of God must convince us, that we are immediately under his Direction and
care, and that we need only open our Eyes to behold him in every thing about
us. This Reflection also must humble and subdue the Pride of Philosophers, who
will

will for ever be unable to account for any of his Works, without having recourse to his immediate Power.

In the Conduct of the following Version of this Divine Poem, I thought myself obliged to transpose some Parts of the Text, in order to bring Descriptions of the same Things together, and make them continued; which in the Original according to the Warmth and Wantonness of Spirit in the Eastern Poetry, lie loose and interrupted. In all other Things, according to the best Notion I could form of them, I have neither varied from the Original, nor added to it, except two Similies, which appeared so natural, that I could not overlook them; one in the Description of the Behemoth, whom, on account of his prodigious Strength I have compared to a Mountain supporting a ponderous Pile or Rock; the other in the Description of the Leviathan, whom, on Account of the Vastness of his Bulk, and the Confusion which he raises in the Deep, I have resembled to a Rock or Isle thrown up from the Bottom of the Sea.

By the Behemoth the Reader will observe I have understood the Elephant. And tho' Commentators are much divided in their Opinions concerning this Creature, yet from the Character given of it here, compared with what Pliny and Aristotle say of the Elephant, it will, I think, appear that this Construction may be justified.



A
POETICAL PARAPHRASE,
On PART of the
Book of JOB.

*These are thy glorious Works, Parent of Good,
Almighty, thine this universal Frame,
Thus wond'rous fair; Thyself how wond'rous then!
Unspeakable, who sit'st above these Heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest Works; yet these declare
Thy Goodness beyond Thought, and Pow'r Divine.*

MILT.



O B silent stood, when from a thick'ning Cloud
Impetuous rush'd a Whirlwind Blast, the Voice
Of God, and said, Presumptuous Man, prepare
to own thy Ignorance of Counsels high,

My secret Purposes and deep Decrees
From utmost Reach of Men or Angels Sight
Remote; or if thou wilt a Trial stand,
Gird up thy Loins, and where thou wast, declare,
If thou hast Understanding, when I laid
The deep Foundations of the Earth? Who fram'd
The due Dimensions in Proportion meet
Of Weight and Magnitude, and fitly join'd
The whole in Union firm? when new-born Stars,
Shedding soft Influence, with orient Beams
Smil'd on Creation, and with jocund Song
Proclaim'd the Work, while all the Sons of God
With choral Symphonies and joyous Shout
Hymn'd the Creator: Hallelujahs sweet
Fill'd Heaven's vast Orb, that utter'd loud acclaim.
Who with coercive Bars shut up the Deep,
When first it issued with impetuous Force
And torrent Stream from subterraneous Womb
Exundant, with loud Clamour and Misrule
Outragious to o'erflow, till I with Clouds,

As with an ambient Vesture, girt it round,
 Swath'd with thick Darknefs, and decreed a Place
 Fit Receptacle, hollow, deep, and broad,
 Capacious Bed of Waters, fenc'd with Shores,
 And Rocks obtrusive arm'd, a rugged Front
 Of horrid Aspect? The hoarse murmuring Surge,
 Indignant through Restraint, with Insult proud
 Chafes into Foam, and with deep fullen Roar
 Subfides reluctant, to my high Decree
 Obedient, though enrag'd. Or, say, didst thou
 Command the grey-ey'd Morn to streak the East,
 Opening with dapple dawn and welcome Gleam,
 Sure Pledge of rising Day; anon the Earth,
 Invested of the fable Cloud that veil'd
 Her beauteous Face, unfolds a pleasing Scene
 Of various imag'ry, Wood, Hill, and Plain
 Dist'ring with Pearly Drops, all Nature smiles
 Eminent, deck'd with Robe of Purple light,
 And breathes fresh Odours, which the balmy Air
 Wafts on glad Wing: But soon the springing Day,

Forth

Forth issuing fast, across the Welkin darts
 Its beamy Lustre to the utmost West;
 Bright Influence, great Source of Life and Joy,
 Save to the Wicked, who with guilty Fear
 To thickest Covert flink and dark Retreat,
 Latent from Eye of Day; or dragg'd to Light
 Expect with Looks aghast the fatal Doom,
 To shameful Death devote, fit Recompence
 For Deeds of Darkneſs. Say, audacious JOB,
 Haſt thou explor'd the Fountains of the Deep,
 And ſearch'd the oozy Beds and watry Stores
 That feed the Ocean Stream? Or, far beyond,
 Survey'd the dreary Regions of grim Night,
 Where Death her Empire holds, to which the Dead
 In grievedly Throngs reſort? Or, ſay, can'ſt thou
 Traverse the Compaſs of the ſpacious Earth,
 Outſtretch'd immense in hugeſt Breadth and Length
 Of Depth immeaſurable, with Creatures fill'd,
 For Uſe and Ornament, of various Kinds,
 Unnumber'd yet, tho' eaſier far the Task

Than to explain the Secrets of my Will,
And Dispensations high? Or can'st thou tell
How Light and Darkneſs in alternate Round
Dividual hold their Reign, to ſeveral Place
Diſparted in due Time? Or how the Sun,
Journeying from Eaſt, diffuſes, as he runs,
Proportion'd Influence to various Realms,
Remote or near, while Winds attend his Courſe,
To fan the ſweltry Air with cooling Wing,
Or waſt the Mariner to wiſhed Port,
On Traffick bent? Or haſt thou ſeen whence Snow
His Fleeces wings, in Readineſs to ſpeed
My high Beheſts? Or view'd the treaſur'd Hail,
Reſerv'd in ſtore againſt an evil Day,
From whence to hurl fell Implements of War,
With Vengeance fraught, upon devoted Heads,
Objects of Wrath Divine; the rattling Storm
Deſcends with Ruin dire and cumbrous Death,
To proud Rebellion due and foul Revolt,
And Sin obdurate found. Or, ſay, fond Man!

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Hath

Hath Rain a Father? From what genial Womb
Issue the pearly Drops that feed the Spring
With liquid Nutriment? Where is the Ice
Engender'd, and the Frost of Heav'n, that binds
With Links of Adamant the hoary Face
Of the vast Deep? The Waters, hid with Stone,
Flow underneath, imprison'd with strict Bar
In crystal Cave. Or, canst thou loose the Bands
Of fierce Orion, when from furly Brow
He scowls o'er the bleak Landskip Snow or Hail
With Blast of Boreas keen, fett'ring the Glebe
In Icy Bondage held? Canst thou with-hold
The Pleiades from visiting the Earth,
Orient with Influence sweet and Aspect mild,
Forerunners of the Spring, and leading on
The Summer with fresh Flourets crown'd and Gems
Of various Colours mix'd? Or, say, rash Man!
Canst thou command the Thunder? Thou divide
A Path for baleful Lightning where to shoot
A pointed Flame? Will they obey thy Call,

And say with low Submission, we are here,
Prepar'd with Expedition to fulfil
Thy sov'reign Word? Can'st thou lift up thy Voice
Imperious to the Clouds, and bid them flow
With haste obsequious to refresh the Earth
Adust with Drought, when the parch'd Glebe condens'd
To harden'd Clod lacks Moisture, and requires
Speedy Release from Durance to emit
The tender Herb? Or, canst thou stay the Rain
From cleaving the thin Air, too weak to prop
The pond'rous Load? Down drop the watry Stores,
Dispers'd on Hill and Vale and barren Wild,
Replete with vital Virtue, and diffuse
Prolific Humour through the pregnant Womb
Of vegetable Earth, a Nursery large,
Sais'd by my Hand; forth teem the swelling Births,
Nurish'd with ambient Warmth, and genial Showers
Distill'd from Heav'n. Or, wilt thou hunt the Prey
For Lyons and their young, when in their Dens
With couchant Watch they lie in wait to glut

Their

Their hungry Rage? Or, say, dost thou provide
Food for the Raven? Do her young ones cry
To thee for Succour, when by Hunger urg'd,
An infant Brood scarce fledg'd, with first Essay
Of feeble Wing up-born o'er barren Waste
Or Cliff prerupt, they roam in quest of Prey,
Clam'rous with eager Voice, in hoarse Complaint
Utter'd aloud? Dost thou appoint the Time
When wild Goats of the Rock in steepy Cave,
Height inaccessible to human Foot,
Bring forth their Young? They bow in Posture low
Parturient of their Sorrows, and eject
With dolorous Pang the heavy Birth, that soon
With hasty Strength supported wanders forth
To graze the mountain Herb, or shrubby Heath,
Unmindful to return. Or canst thou mark
How the Hinds calve, when oft, with Thunder shock
In Operation mighty, they cast out
Births immature, with Pain? Hath the wild Ass
His Liberty from thee, with vagrant Foot

And Roam licentious over devious Hills
 In Freedom controul'd to range? At Night
 The howling Wilderness his Stable large,
 By Day he wanders o'er the dreary Waste
 In quest of Herbage thin on Mountain top,
 With Search laborious glean'd, nathless to load
 Or Yoke intractable by human Might
 Or Arts of Skill pacific, with Disdain
 Scorning the Multitude that throng the Gate
 Of populous Town, and of the Driver's Shout
 Regardless and Secure: Canst thou subdue
 The Unicorn to serve thee, and at Crib
 To feed with tame Submission, train'd to till
 The Earth with Labour? Or, because his Strength
 mighty, wilt thou trust to him to speed
 thy Harvest Home, and gather to thy Barn
 The ripen'd Shock, fit Store for Winter-Food,
 Seed-time coming on? Canst thou rely
 That he will serve thee faithfully, nor mock
 thy fond Credulity with savage Scorn?

Hast thou the Peacock deck'd with goodly Wings
 Of glossy Hue and florid varying Dye,
 Radiant with starry Train and Iris' Bow
 Distinct with Colours? Hast thou fledg'd with Penn
 The Ostritch, cruel Parent, that in Earth
 Leaves destitute her Eggs, with Mother's Care
 Mindless to overspread and guard them round
 With brooding Pennons; they in tepid Sand
 Cherish'd with genial Warmth of sunny Ray
 Exclude their Young, forgetful she the while
 What Foot may crush them, or what Beast of Prey
 Break the deserted Shells before they burst
 With kindly Rupture, and disclos'd put forth
 The callow Brood, by early Instinct taught
 To seek for Succour, and of heedless Dam
 To recompence the Loss, with alien Mind
 Infatuate, and estrang'd from tender Care
 Of her own Off-spring: She, with Head erect,
 And Body upright rais'd, of Stature tall
 And Bulk enormous, with expanded Wings,

Two mighty Sails outspread, sweeps o'er the Earth
 With Whirlwind Rapture born o'er Hill or Plain,
 Scorning the Courser's Speed, and Rider bent
 On swiftest Chase. Or hast thou arm'd with Strength
 The gen'rous Steed, and cloath'd his arched Neck
 With glorious Thunder? from his Nostriks pour'd
 Forth issue wrathful Flames and Sparkles dire
 With Wreaths of Smoke convolv'd, from dauntless Heart
 Trumphant with fierce Lightning, Dread dismay
 To adverse Warriour; pawing with proud Hoof
 The dusty Plain, and swallowing the Earth
 Through Fierceness and fell Rage, with foamy Pride
 He champs the Curb indignant of Restraint
 Through Luxury of Heart, and rushes on,
 Exulting in his Strength with haughty Pace
 To meet the armed Host, mocking at Fear
 Of flaming Swords and Forrest of bright Spears
 aving with horrid Blaze, and ferried Shields
 thick array, and rattling Quivers fraught
 With winged Deaths, a dreadful Front of War,

Ready for Onset fierce, when Trumpets loud
 With Clangor deep 'gin blow to Martial Deeds
 In val'rous Fight; nathless, his Heart with Joy
 Distended swells, and utters proud Acclaim
 To the sonorous Din of rising War
 And Leaders under March with thundering Shout,
 Outragious for the Battle. Doth the Hawk
 Fly by thy Wisdom, and display her Wings
 Tow'rd Southern Beams, when Winter's piercing Blast
 Bids her beware, and shed her moultring Pens
 For warmer Cover? Doth the Eagle soar
 At thy Command, with upright Wing, to build
 On craggy Cliff her Nest, in rocky Hold
 Secure from Harm, thence with sagacious Ken,
 Piercing as sunny Ray, from Distance far,
 Immeasurable Length, to spie where Death
 Imbrues the Field with Blood, with which to feed
 Her callow Young? Or, say, if still thy Mind
 Vain Confidence elates and impious Pride,
 Hast thou an Arm girt with almighty Power?

Or canst thou thunder with a Voice like God?
Canst thou with Beauty deck'd, and Radiance crown'd
Of Majesty Divine, send forth thy Wrath,
Wing'd with impetuous Rage, to smite the Proud
With sudden Death? Down fall the lofty Heads
Promiscuous in the Dust, by secret Hand
Fell'd in the Place where erst with haughty Scorn
And fatuous Brow elate in pompous Height
And Glory eminent they rear'd their Pride
Imperious, self-sufficient deem'd, nor made
Account of Pow'r supream, that rais'd from Earth
Their short liv'd Eminence, and can debase
The mightiest when they swell with wanton Heart,
And spurn at high Decrees, my sov'reign Will.
Behold Behemoth biggest born of Earth,
Stupendous Bulk, environ'd round with Coat
Of Brass and Iron Mail, enwrapp'd with Cords
Of sinewy Bondage round his Navel girt
Indissolubly firm; his Loins for Load
Fit Prop, and Burden huge, as when a Rock

Uprear'd on Mountain Top, a ponderous Pile,
Rests on the Base secure: Behind, his Tail
Moves like a Cedar, that has stood the Shock
Of Blasts impetuous; and before, his Trunk
Protends a prominent Weapon, fitly fram'd
For Onset or Defence; the Mountain Sord
Brings forth his Food, and round his shaddowing Bull
The lesser Beasts disporting, Lamb, or Kid
Sate of suckled Dam, attend their Play
Or pasturing Graze secure; anon by Thirst
Excited, mighty impulse, and replete
With Herbage, he devours the current Stream
With eager Eye e'er yet he reach the Brink,
Trusting to drink the rapid Jordan down
With Draught deliberate, fearless the while
Of Ambush or Surprise in marshy Fen,
His Bed at Noon, when smit with fervid Ray
He seeks for Covert in the shady Trees
And Willows of the Brook, that round him spread
Their Umbrage broad. Or, say, presumptuous Job!

Canst

Canst thou draw out the vast Leviathan,
Huge Monarch of the Deep, and lead him bound
Transfix'd with barbed Spears, in captive State
With sportive Triumph shewn? Or, part his Bulk
For Merchandife, or Banquet, mighty fund?
Or, will he sue with Supplication bland
And Prayer submits, for Life? Or, make a League
To do thee Service, mighty as his Strength,
To tame Subjection thrall'd? The fiercest Fall
Astounded at the Sight; who then shall dare
To rouse him into Rage? And is my Hand,
That form'd this hideous Terrour of the Deep,
Less dreadful deem'd, that thou shouldst tempt my Wrath
With Vengeance to descend on thy rash Head
Devote to ruin? View, with narrow Ken,
His scaly Garment, like a Robe of State,
Immeasurably vast, with Regal Pride
Spread o'er his spacious Bulk, of Texture firm,
Contiguous wove, inseparably join'd
In Union strong. Or, say, canst thou unfold

The

The Doors of his tremendous Face, dilate
With hideous Aperture, and view his Jaws
Fenc'd round with ferried Arms, a double Front
Of formidable Teeth, huge massy Bars
In brazen Sockets sunk, firm and unmov'd
By Dint of mightiest Force; his Nostrils wide
Spout Cataracts of Fire, with rolling Smoke
In bickering Conflict wag'd, from hollow Throat
Eructant with deep Thunder, dreadful sound
To Mariner remote; his glaring Eyes
Sparkle, as when the Eye-lids of the Morn
Opening with ruddy Flame, portend fell Storm
Of Rain or rising Tempest, in his Neck
A Fortrefs huge, the Glory of his Strength
Is seated eminent, of Force to turn
What may oppose, to Flight or foul Defeat,
With dire Discomfit quell'd; his dauntless Heart,
Firm as the nether Milstone, heaves with Pride
And joyous Triumph, scornful of the Foe
However arm'd with Implements of Death,

Fell Sword and pointed Dart and miffive Spear,
A Panoply of War; the doubled Blade
Guiltless of Blood, recoils; the shiver'd Lance
Lies scatter'd by his Side with scaly Coat
Of Mail impenetrable arm'd; he deems
Iron as Straw, and Brass as rotten Wood;
The barbed Arrow whizzes through the Air
On fruitless Errand sped; and clattering Stones,
With mighty Jaculation hurl'd from Slings,
Are turn'd before him into Chaff, which Winds
Scatter with easy Blast; the brandish't Spear
With Derision seen; and round him strown
Lies shatter'd Armour, which he spurns with Scorn,
As Pebbles in the Mire; when he upheaves
His bulky Vastness from the troubled Waves,
Emergent like a Rock, or the upthrown
From Bottom of the Sea, the Migh'ty chill'd
With Horror and fell Dread, and inly mov'd
To Penitence, as in the Jaws of Death
Inevitable deem'd, with Eyes aglaze

View the chaf'd Deep boiling with bubbled Foam,
Commotion strange! Behind him shines a Path
Distinct with hoary Light; in Peerless Strength,
Wallowing unweildy, enormous in his Gate
He flounces on, as Need or Pastime leads,
Guiltless of Fear, thro' all the watry Realm,
His Territory large, a mighty King
O'er all the Sons of Pride: God said, and Job,
Humbled in low Prostration where he stood,
Rever'd the Voice Divine, and to his Mind
Firm Peace recover'd soon and wonted Calm.

P I N T S.

